

MISSOURI.—This state has probably gone for Bell.

CONNECTICUT.—The plurality for Lincoln in Connecticut is 26,000, and 10,000 over every thing.

MAINE.—The majority in Maine is 25,000.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Lincoln's majority will be at least 70,000.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Lincoln's plurality is 10,000.

MISSISSIPPI.—The returns are favorable to Bell.

NORTH CAROLINA.—State probably gone for Breckinridge.

Bailey is elected to congress over Eli Thayer, in Massachusetts.

The South Must Hurry Up.

The south must be in a hurry, if the Union is to be dissolved. Free states are not forming to be future free states.

With in another year or two, Kansas, Nebraska and Washington will be admitted into the Union. Then there are the projected free states of Chippewa, Jefferson, Idaho, Nevada and Arizona.

Before these are admitted as states which will be within ten years, Missouri and Delaware will be free, to be followed by Maryland and Kentucky.

With this glorious prospect of adverse additions the secessionists cannot be too quick in their movements to break up the Union.

to the free portion of our confederacy. Every hour adds to the difficulty, and we are inclined to believe they are now too late.

If they wait until Lincoln's inauguration they certainly can never hope to accomplish the treasonable project, and we have an abiding faith that when there mad and misguided men do undertake it, that the task of putting down may be safely committed to the people of the south themselves.

Presidential Electors.

The following states have unquestionably chosen republican electors, and insure the election of Lincoln without New Jersey.

(One hundred and fifty-two electors only are necessary to a choice.)

Maine..... 8
New Hampshire..... 5
Vermont..... 5
Massachusetts..... 13
Connecticut..... 13
Rhode Island..... 4
New York..... 35
Pennsylvania..... 27
Ohio..... 13
Indiana..... 13
Michigan..... 11
Illinois..... 11
Wisconsin..... 5
Iowa..... 5
Minnesota..... 4

For Lincoln..... 169

A Republican County.

No one, we apprehend, will dispute the claim of "old Rock" as a republican county. Every town and every ward in it gave a republican majority.

There is not a dark spot in the county. With the correction of the returns from Union, which give Lincoln 301 majority over Douglas, the majority in the county is 3,261.

The majority for Sloan, for chief justice, last spring, after adding 70 votes cast for L. H. Dixon, was 3,071, was then the largest cast in the county. Lincoln has now within ten of two hundred more than Sloan. Verily, Rock county is all right!

ILLINOIS State Senate.—The Tribune says the senate of that state is doubtful, depending on returns from three districts: the 7th, Cass, Manard, Logan and Tazewell; the 22d, St. Clair and Monroe; and the 15th or McLean district. It is believed that they are republican.

COOK COUNTY, Illinois, gives Lincoln a majority of 4,700. That is a sound majority.

The News at Old Abe's Home.

The telegraph says that last evening, while the republicans were assembled at the State House, for the purpose of hearing returns, Mr. LINCOLN entered, and was very enthusiastically received and congratulated by those offered by his friends in attendance.

Hand shaking, cheering, and other usual demonstrations.

We would have given something to have seen the tall form and the good humored intellectual face of "Honest Old Abe" on this joyful occasion. He is a man of the people, and felt no constraint at such a time.

He is no longer a candidate, but the honored recipient of the nation's suffrages. This will not make the slightest change in him so far as his intercourse with the people is concerned, but he will remain the same social, generous, open handed man of the people that he has always been.

Tazewell County.—This was one of the doubtful counties in Illinois, heretofore democratic, upon which depended the success of the republicans in carrying the Illinois legislature. Mr. E. G. Harlow, of this city, received a despatch from his brother in Pekin, to-day, announcing that the whole republican ticket in that county is elected. Three cheers for Tazewell.

DEATH OF AN ALDERMAN.—I. S. Has, broker, Alderman in Oshkosh, died in Oshkosh on Saturday last. He was one of the earliest settlers of that city—at one time kept a hotel there, and was widely known in that vicinity.

THE CELEBRATION.—The celebration to-night is just what the republicans of this vicinity have for some time been anxious to participate in. This is expected every one who feels that way will be out on the occasion.

Let the ladies be present, let young Misses come, let young America come out—men, women and children came and testify your joy for a nation's deliverance from misrule.

The following letter did not come to our hands until this morning, and then through the mail. It is all right, but ought to have come sooner, and if it had so come, or been sent by some person, the town would not have been reported at 273, which was the best information we could obtain.

EVANSTON, Nov. 6, 1890.

EDITORS GAZETTE.—Old Union, as usual, has done up the thing about right. She has given Old Abe 330 votes, and our democratic friends, after rallying all that could be scored up, gave Douglas 29, votes and Breckinridge 1 (!) all told.

County assembly, senatorial and congressional—331 republican, 29 democratic.

What say you to Old Union being the banner town of the county?

J. WEST, Clerk.

As to the question of banners, Union, on the amount of majority, takes the flag among the towns of the county. But if we change the rule, and award on the best comparative vote, and largest gain, FULTON must receive the honor.

The republicans of Fulton have done more work, with MORE EFFECT than any others in the county. All have done well, but Fulton has done better, and republicans from every section of the county are bearing cheerful and willing testimony to the zeal and fidelity with which Fulton has engaged in a common cause. In the triumph of that cause, the republicans of that town occupy a leading and honorable rank. To be the first in a county like Rock is a proud position, and worthy the best efforts of good men.

Tricks of Desperate Politicians.

The following handbill was circulated throughout New Jersey, just before the election. We regret that there is any portion of the free states where such trash can be supposed to have any influence, but we fear New Jersey is not altogether insensible to such appeals:

THE SOUTH IN REVOLT.
TREASON RAMPANT.

NEGRO INSURRECTIONS IN SOUTH CAROLINA, ALABAMA & ARKANSAS.

GEN. BICKLEY MARCHING UPON WASHINGTON.

Gen. Scott Ordered to Command the Army of the North.

GOV. WISE ASSASSINATED.

SEVENTH COORD ARRESTED FOR TREASON.

JOHN M. BUTTS AT THE HEAD OF 7,000 MEN TO PROTECT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, half-past five o'clock.

Our people were thrown into the greatest consternation and surprise at the terrible announcement of the news received by a telegraphic despatch to General Scott, received a few minutes since.

The conspiracy to dissolve the Union is now in progress of attempted consummation. Several arrests have been made of prominent individuals for treason.

John Minor Butts has been chosen to the command of the volunteers to protect the Union.

Treason rife in South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Arkansas.

Virginia traitors dare not come out openly.

Governor Wise was assassinated while addressing a meeting of seceders.

Secretary Cobb was arrested while attempting the same thing—at the instigation of J. M. Butts, who has declared for Lincoln.

Meetings were called by the friends of the Union, who unanimously elected John Minor Butts as their commander, and marched immediately for the defence of Washington.

Several insurrections of negroes reported in South Carolina and Georgia.

General Scott leaves this evening in an extra train.

On the receipt of further news, we will immediately issue another extra.

NEW YORK CITY.

Union or fusion maj. 26,000. 19th ward not canvassed.

Accepts the Challenge.

Our republican friends in Rock County, Wis., propose to compete with Winnebago County for the honor of being the Banner Republican County of the Union.

Old Rock is strongly republican. She has time and again proved her loyalty to republican principles, and in such tones as has given her name a wide-spread celebrity; but she must not be permitted to carry off those laurels which we so gloriously won in the contest of '66. And Winnebago, she cannot do it if you do your duty. If our voters are not we shall still retain the title despite the efforts of our sister county in the Badger State. Remember voters, that we have competition. If we will, if possible, wrest from us the honor we have felt so proud of, therefore, republicans, be up and doing. Work, work, work.—Rockford Register.

The telegraph reports the majority in Winnebago county for Lincoln at 3,173. In Rock county his majority is 3,250.

Fremont had 3,118 majority in Winnebago, and 2,743 in Rock. Winnebago gives Lincoln an increase of 55, and Rock gives Lincoln an increase of 517. The rivalry between these two glorious counties has been a friendly strife to excel in well doing, and Rock takes the banner. The victory has been achieved over a generous as well as strong competitor, and carries with it a proud distinction. Let it be recorded!

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK.—The estimate of the cost of the New York city public school system, as just submitted, shows a total of \$1,300,000, which is \$170,000 in excess of the estimate of last year.

Of this total, the salary of teachers and janitors amounts to \$725,000, and books to \$95,000. The committee on studies made some novel recommendations in reference to primary and grammar schools, yet it is presumed, not without due consideration. Their report provides that hereafter no lesson shall be given to the children in the primary department to be studied at home; that the lessons to the primary department shall be given in the classroom, and no books whatever shall be given to the children. In the grammar schools the teachers are required to occupy two hours in each day in preparing the scholars for the lessons to be recited on the subsequent day, and no teacher is to be permitted to give out lessons that will take more than one hour to study.

A few years ago—well it is not less than forty—my little home-flock was led, in the matter of years, by my daughter Minnie—a pretty name, I always thought. Minnie was a good child, and being the first-born, was half maternal in her management of the later comers, even down to little "Pigeon," the latest and tiniest of all.

The picture of Minnie is just as fresh in my memory as though the forty years which have shimmered and evaporated since, had been weeks instead. But it is a father's eye that looks over these years at Minnie, and the beauty may be half fancy—a sort of affectional illusion. Those we love are transparent, you know—we who imagine it is surface tint and surface-light of which we are thinking.

This much I know, Minnie was the best, most affectionate, and wildest of daughters—one of those spirited but industrious little creatures upon whose enterprise and tact the greatest and strongest of us will involuntarily lean.

"Minnie shall I want five or six breadths in this skirt?" her mother would say. Looking up, with just a little knitting of the forehead, after a moment's thought Minnie would answer:

"I think five will do mother; and five it was."

I can hear, even now, the voice of Minnie's mother—she has been gone twenty years, dear heart!—calling from the head of the stairs:

"Minnie! Say—Minnie!"

"What, mother?"

"What shall we have for dinner to-day?"

"You are tired, mother; let's have a little ham and some eggs, with some peas from the garden, and bread." That settled the bill of fare.

And so it was through the liveliest day; for in all the domestic policy Minnie, though only prime minister, possessed regal power. At this time—thirty years ago—I was, of course, in the prime of life, and full of the cares and responsibilities which cluster and cling to one's manhood.

I was largely engaged in active business, received some light evidences of public confidence saw a large family coming up about me—from all of which my natural positiveness and force of character received more or less strengthening.

One night, when the last candle had been extinguished and all was hushed, my wife said, with some anxiety of tone:

"Husband, I feel uneasy about our Minnie."

"Minnie? Why, what is the matter? Is she sick?"

"No; she is not sick, but—"

"But what, wife?"

"Why, Minnie is—I mean, she seems to be—Well, I'm afraid she likes Jimmy Brun."

"Jimmy Brun! She'd better not!"—And I leaped to the floor and walked to the window. "Jimmy Brun and our Minnie!—a pretty match!"

"I was afraid you would be disturbed, dear; but don't take it so much to heart, husband. I dare say we can put a stop to it." And motherly sobs came from the pillow.

"Put a stop to it! I guess I will. Jimmy Brun and our Minnie!—I guess I will put a stop to it!"

And who was Jimmy Brun? A young man of some two years' residence in the neighborhood of good habits so far as I knew, but altogether and diametrically opposed to my taste, to my ideal of manliness. I had always worshipped business tact and enterprise.

It had taken me, when a penniless boy, and brought me up through numberless difficulties to a position of influence. That which was found in my nature when young, was thus nourished and rooted through all the after years of struggle ripening into triumph.

The young man was of a literary turn of mind; had taught in an academy; was a writer it was said, for one or two periodicals. There was an air of sentiment about him, in his looks and manners, which came precisely within the scope of my contempt. I had known it in others—in strong business men—this utter contempt for the least possible manifestations of sentiment, for those unwholesome follies which have never an ego for business, but hang upon the skirts of thought, clasp images and ride upon rhythm. You may see it now every day in commercial antagonism of fact and fancy—of the figures which dot the pages of an ledger and those which illumine the lines of the poet. "The muses frowned on me, said a German poet, 'for keeping account books.'" Undoubtedly. Nor is the knight of the balance sheet less intolerant toward those miserable fellows whose entire stock in trade can be stored within a very little cavity just behind the frontal bone.

My good wife had a time of it cooling me down, and prevented the adoption of most violent measures. Even when I had formally surrendered to her superior discretion, I chafed by times like a bear in harness. If wife had not been almost a Borey in tact, I should certainly have broken into plunging even sooner than I did.

Minnie was taken one day into solemn conference by her mother, with only pussy in the doorway as auditor. But the child, though she blushed very much, moved about from seat to seat, and tore pieces of paper into bits, declared that she was heart-whole yet—as why shouldn't she be?—for Jimmy Brun had never said a word to her which any man might not have said to any maiden. So wife and I got easy again.

But what should I see, one evening at twilight, while sauntering out under the shadows of my own grove of forest oaks, not far from the house, but two figures flitting hither and thither among the distant trees? Like a knave, as I was, I sat on the ground and watched them; watched them nervously, glancingly, till I saw Jimmy Brun give Minnie a kiss on her lips, and looked lovingly after her as she slipped away.

I was reclining upon the sward by her path. Determined to meet and confront them, I sat and watched her coming.

Certainly Minnie's face never wore that expression before. It was not gleeful, but it was radiant, and her eyes which were bent on the ground, and hence only visible as she came very near me, had a light and depth that I never saw before. She passed me; so utterly was the child absorbed in her own emotions.

"Minnie!" I said, in a tone which startled myself, scarcely less than my child.

"Oh!" and she sprang from the path as though the sound had been a rattle among the grass.

I raised myself slowly—I am very slow when very angry, and standing still very slow when glowered down at her eyes—Minnie's beautiful, living eyes—with a sternness which had never failed to terrify. But the child, though she trembled like an aspen at first, brought her father's spirit to the rescue, and, in the strength of love and innocence, looked into her father's angry face with great composure.

I must not repeat the words that followed; they never shall be written; and would to God they had never been spoken!

Minnie had given him her heart, and would give her hand. How could she help it? Even her father's anger should not prevent her fulfilling her word; for was not Jimmy Brun worthy, and was not her father's anger unreasonable and unjust?—All this she said to me with the deep calmness of a perfect heroine, while I stood there almost as much astonished as angry.

"Wife, it's all up with Minnie," said I.

striding into the sitting room, and breaking in upon a most delightful afternoon reverie, on a loved by the golden ticking, ticking of the clock and the busy click of knitting needles.

"Lord! what's the matter?" and the hall of yarn rolled across the floor, while a flower-pot on the window sill, spilling and crashing on the bricks outside, "there goes the flower-pot—tell me quick—you look as pale as a sheet."

"Minnie has promised to marry that scape-grace in spite of us; she says she will to me, in the face of my absolute commands." Thereupon I walked the floor, wife staring at me the while. "I'll never forgive her—never!"

"Husband, stop and think. He—"

"I won't stop and think. I say I'll never forgive her; and I won't. Call her in."

Wife left the room in search of Minnie. At length they came; both tearful. We sat down together, the constrained group. Minnie very fearful, but very sweet and beautiful. The interview was short, and these were the closing words:

"Father, I have always been a dutiful child—you will do me that justice. But I love this man. You grant that his character is unimpeachable, but you forbid our marriage because you have a prejudice against him. I love and honor you, father. You cannot doubt that; but in this case I must follow the dictates of my own heart."

"Do so, if you will; but, remember, your father will never forgive you."

Thus ended the interview, wife sobbing distressfully, Minnie weeping quietly, and I sitting glum and angry.

Minnie kept her word and became the wife of Jimmy Brun.

I did not forbid them the house, as most angry fathers would do, but I told Minnie again that she had lost my love and care. Then I was so foolish as to see Jimmy Brun, and in a very silly speech inform him that since he was taking my daughter from her father without his consent, he need expect no gifts or favors now or hereafter. She would not be allowed to share in the family inheritance, nor should I render the least assistance if they "should come to want." I shall never forget the queer look the young man gave—a glance in which pride seemed almost vainly struggling with a cluster of mirth-sparkles.

"Very well, sir; we will try not to 'come to want.'" That was all he said; but the cool self-possession of his manner made me feel as though I had undertaken to drive a nail and had pounded my fingers.

I had always been demonstrative toward my children—the elder as well as the younger. Minnie had never lost her right to her father's knee, nor did she ever meet me in the morning or part from me at night without a kiss. This was denied her now—Poor child! It was the sorest trial of all.

Once or twice she clung tearfully to me in my sternness, and reaching up to clasp my neck with her white arms, tried to bend my lips to hers. No. I promised her never a kiss while I lived.

Women are strange creatures. There was wife, who had been entirely sympathized with me, as I supposed, absolutely given aid and comfort to our recreant daughter. I verily believe that long before the wedding day came she was as thoroughly interested in the whole affair as though Minnie had been about to marry the best business man in my town. Little use was it for me to fight my own strings, and direct that the child should have no marriage outfit of wardrobes, pillow cases, counterpanes and the thousand and one of others in which mothers take such pride and pleasure.

In spite of me, but surreptitiously, Minnie was well provided for, I am sure. I remember that the shopman's bills for some ten months thereafter seemed unusually full, both in number of items and footing of column; and I shrewdly suspect that my wife had arranged with the tradesman to have the articles scattered along through the months. She was always a good financier.

The ceremony was performed in church. I was present, but my absence should give too great notoriety to the family jar. Useless. The whole town having long since been made acquainted with the state of affairs, the bride's beauty and the bridegroom's popularity set many eyes on the child, and a spark of criticism in them.

"He needs no look so savage like," muttered a gruff old yeoman behind me—"there isn't a likelier young fellow anywhere hereabout than Jimmy Brun; and though Minnie be purty as pink, it's a good match, I say—a real even bargain—so."

Long, long months went by after the marriage—tedious, unhappy months for me. I knew I was being sored by this self-imposed restraint on the affectional part of my nature. Minnie came to her old home sometimes. Once or twice she begged for the return of the old love, the old home kiss. No. My daughter was happy in her husband, happy in her new home. But I saw very plainly that the bliss of the old home was lost to her.

Nearly two years went back into the past, shadowed in this manner, when a little home blossom was laid in its cradle. A little struggling wee thing—another Minnie. Poor me! Here was another influence to be stemmed, as boats stem another wave and another gust. But I braced myself; and when I had been forced into Minnie's chamber, stood over the poor child with the little one on her arm, and heard the faint voice add to the sweetly beseeching look, "do kiss me, father!" I shook my head and went out.

One lay a strange change came over the young mother, alarming the experienced, and giving to the physician that ominous air of grave mystery which strikes into the soul of the loving. I moved about, full of fear and guilty distress. The symptoms became more and more alarming—she was sinking. I was called to her bedside, as that of my first dying child. As I bent over the white face, most translucent with meekness illuminated, my eyes all dimmed by illness, my Minnie gave me the old time glance of love, and throwing up her hands as if to clasp my neck, said faintly, but oh! so earnestly—

"Kiss me, father!"

I bent down to my daughter, my first born, and we wept long together—the strong father and the faintly breathing child.

What do you think Minnie did? Why, she got well again, and in two months was as musical as a lark, and as gay, looking after the little Minnie like a pretty mother, as she was.

However, the ice was fairly broken, and I was my old fatherly self after a time. Minnie even ventured, after a time, to make merry at my expense, over the fact that not only Jimmy Brun, but the best of husbands and of the well-known American writers.

I think I was a very great fool.

DOG FIGHT AND NON-INTERVENTION.—At one of the polls in this city, some one stepped on a dog's tail. The dog instantly pitched into another dog, a ring was soon formed, as there is always a disposition in a crowd to see a dog fight. The dogs clinched, and were instantly rolling over on the floor.

Some one's humanity prompted him to endeavor to separate the belligerent canines, when an Irishman rushed up—"Be ded," says he, "let 'em fight on. I'm for non-intervention. 'Tis the Douglas doctrine when there's a fight, and it don't matter a cent which whip, so the battle goes on." We think the doctrine of non-intervention and popular sovereignty could not be better illustrated.

MARRIED.—By M. P. Kinney, at the house of the bride's father, Nov. 2nd, 1890, Mr. EUGENE E. COLWELL, and Miss MARION LUTHER SMITH, daughter of Samuel D. Smith, Esq. of this city.

At Knoxville, Rock county, October 10th, 1890, by L. A. Cook, Esq. THOMAS WILSON, aged 21, and LUCY MARIA FRELPS, aged 27, all residents of Knoxville.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO RENT.—A house and 20 acres of land to rent for a term of years if desired, situated on the Galena road, about 80 miles from the city limits. Possession given immediately. For particulars inquire, at the Phoenix Mills, of G. S. STRASSBURGER, Janesville, Nov. 7, 1890.

TO RENT.—A brick cottage, well located in this city, at \$6 per month until the first of April, 1891. Apply to [redacted] MCKEY & BRO.

SILVER for sale in small or large quantities at [redacted] MCKEY & BRO'S.

SAVE YOUR MONEY!

AND CALL AT

MOSES HARSH'S

Young America Clothing House,

where the

Largest and Cheapest Stock

of

WINTER CLOTHING

is now offered at

ASTONISHING LOW PRICES.

MOSES HARSH

has just received his

Second Great Arrival of

FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHING!

consisting of fine

BLACK CLOTH DRESS COATS,

BUSINESS COATS of all kinds,

PANTS and VESTS, the largest variety,

which he will sell

Thirty per Cent Less

than any other house in this city.

Gentlemen in Want

of anything in the

CLOTHING LINE

will do well to call at

Moses Harsh's Young America Clothing House

and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents in every county in the state with a capital of \$500 to \$1000 can make \$25 to \$50 per day in selling a new article wanted by nearly every family.

This is a rare chance for profitable employment for the coming winter. Address [redacted] Janesville, or see them at the American House for a few days.

RUPTURE CURED BY THE

Hard Rubber Rigg's Trusses.

THIS Truss has been in use in the City of New York for only a few years, and has already obtained a decided unopposed. The best physicians in New York City, having tested it, unhesitatingly recommend it, and pronounce it

SECOND ARRIVAL

WINTER CLOTHING!

B. BORNHEIM

Has Just Received a Large Lot of

WINTER CLOTHING

WHICH HE IS

BOUND TO SELL

Before the 15th of December.

ALL THOSE WHO WISH TO BUY

CLOTHING

CAN DO WELL BY CALLING AT

The Daily Gazette,
PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY,
HOLT, BOWEN & WILCOX,
IN LAPPIN'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.
TERMS:
SIX DOLLARS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
CASHES KEPT. HENRY DAVENPORT. DANIEL WILCOX.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Twelve lines close matter, or the equivalent in space, constitute a square.
1 Square 1 day, \$ 75
do 2 " " 1 00
do 3 " " 1 25
do 4 " " 1 50
do 5 " " 1 75
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Latest Returns.

MISSOURI.—This state has probably gone for Bell.

CONNECTICUT.—The plurality for Lincoln in Connecticut is 26,000, and 10,000 over every thing.

MAINE.—The majority in Maine is 25,000.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Lincoln's majority will be at least 70,000.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Lincoln's plurality is 10,000.

MISSISSIPPI.—The returns are favorable to Bell.

NORTH CAROLINA.—State probably gone for Breckinridge.

Bailey is elected to congress over Eli Thayer, in Massachusetts.

The South Must Hurry Up.

The south must be in a hurry, if the Union is to be dissolved. Free states are fast forming to be future free states. Within another year or two, Kansas, Nebraska and Washington will be admitted into the Union. Then there are the projected free states of Chippewa, Jefferson, Idaho, Nevada and Arizona. Before these are admitted as states which will be within ten years, Missouri and Delaware will be free, to be followed by Maryland and Kentucky. With this glorious prospect of adverse additions the secessionists cannot be too quick in their movements to break up the Union.

Every hour adds to the difficulty, and we are inclined to believe they are now too late. If they wait until Lincoln's inauguration they certainly can never hope to accomplish the treasonable project, and we have an abiding faith that when these mad and misguided men do undertake it, that the task of putting down may be safely committed to the people of the south themselves.

Presidential Electors.

The following states have unquestionably chosen republican electors, and insure the election of Lincoln without New Jersey.—One hundred and fifty-two electors only are necessary to a choice.

Maine..... 8
New Hampshire..... 5
Vermont..... 5
Massachusetts..... 13
Connecticut..... 6
Rhode Island..... 4
New York..... 35
Pennsylvania..... 27
Ohio..... 23
Indiana..... 13
Michigan..... 11
Illinois..... 11
Wisconsin..... 5
Iowa..... 4
Minnesota..... 4

For Lincoln..... 169

A Republican County.

No one, we apprehend, will dispute the claim of "old Rock" as a republican county. Every town and every ward in it gave a republican majority. There is not a dark spot in the county. With the correction of the returns from Union, which give Lincoln 301 majority over Douglas, the majority in the county is 3,261. The majority for Sloan, for chief justice, last spring, after adding 70 votes cast for L. H. Dixon, was 3,071, was then the largest cast in the county. Lincoln has now within ten of two hundred more than Sloan. Verily, Rock county is all right!

ILLINOIS State Senate.—The Tribune says the senate of that state is doubtful, depending on returns from three districts: the 7th, Cass, Manard, Logan and Tazewell; the 22d, St. Clair and Monroe; and the 15th or McLean district. It is believed that they are republican.

COOK COUNTY, Illinois, gives Lincoln a majority of 4,700. That is a sound majority.

The News at Old Abe's Home.

The telegraph says that last evening, while the republicans were assembled at the State House, for the purpose of hearing returns, Mr. LINCOLN entered, and was very enthusiastically received and congratulations were offered by his friends in attendance.—Hand shaking, cheering, and other usual demonstrations.

We would have given something to have seen the tall form and the good humored intellectual face of "Honest Abe" on this joyful occasion. He is a man of the people, and felt no constraint at such a time. He is no longer a candidate, but the honored recipient of the nation's suffrages. This will not make the slightest change in him so far as his intercourse with the people is concerned, but he will remain the same social, generous, open handed man of the people that he has always been.

TAZEWELL COUNTY.—This was one of the doubtful counties in Illinois, heretofore democratic, upon which depended the success of the republicans in carrying the Illinois legislature. Mr. E. G. Harlow, of this city, received a despatch from his brother in Pekin, to-day, announcing that the whole republican ticket in that county is elected. Three cheers for Tazewell.

DEATH OF AN ALDERMAN.—I. S. Has, brook, Alderman in Oshkosh, died in Oshkosh on Saturday last. He was one of the earliest settlers of that city—at one time kept a hotel there, and was widely known in that vicinity.

THE CELEBRATION.—The celebration to-night is just what the republicans of this vicinity have for some time been anxious to participate in. This is expected every one who feels that "will be out on the occasion. Let the ladies be present, let young Misses come, let young America come out—men, women and children come and testify your joy for a nation's deliverance from miracle.

A Gun From Union.

The following letter did not come to our hands this morning, and then through the mail. It is all right, but ought to have come sooner, and if it had so come, or been sent by some person, the town would not have been reported at 275, which was the best information we could obtain.

EVANSTON, Nov. 6, 1860.

EDITORS GAZETTE.—Old Union, as usual, has done up the thing about right. She has given Old Abe 350 votes, and our democratic friends, after rallying all that could be scared up, gave Douglas 29, votes and Breckinridge 1 (!) all told.

County, assembly, senatorial and congressional—531 republican, 29 democratic.

What say you to Old Union being the banner town of the county?

J. WEST, Clerk.

As to the question of banners, Union, on the amount of majority, takes the flag among the towns of the county. But if we change the rule, and award on the best comparative vote, and largest gain, FULTON must receive the honor. The republicans of Fulton have done more work, with MORE EFFECT than any others in the county. All have done well, but Fulton has done better, and republicans from every section of the county are bearing cheerful and willing testimony to the real and fidelity with which Fulton has engaged in the common cause. In the triumph of that cause, the republicans of that town occupy a leading and honorable rank. To be the first in a county like Rock is a proud position, and worthy the best efforts of good men.

Tricks of Desperate Politicians.

The following handbill was circulated throughout New Jersey, just before the election. We regret that there is any portion of the free states where such trash can be supposed to have any influence, but we fear New Jersey is not altogether insensible to such appeals:

THE SOUTH IN REVOLT.

NEGRO INSURRECTIONS IN SOUTH CAROLINA, ALABAMA & ARKANSAS.

GEN. BICKLEY MARCHING UPON WASHINGTON.

Gen. Scott Ordered to Command the Army of the North.

GOV. WISE ASSASSINATED.

SECRETARY COBB ARRESTED FOR TREASON.

JOHN M. BOTTS AT THE HEAD OF 7,000 MEN TO PROTECT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, half-past five o'clock.

Our people were thrown into the greatest consternation and surprise at the terrible announcement of the news received by a telegraphic despatch to General Scott, received a few minutes since.

The conspiracy to dissolve the Union is now in progress of consummation. Several august names have been made of prominent individuals for treason.

John Minor Botts has been chosen to the command of the volunteers to protect the Union.

Treason rife in South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Arkansas.

Virginia traitors dare not come out openly.

Governor Wise was assassinated while addressing a meeting of seceders.

Secretary Cobb was arrested while attending the same meeting, and the investigation of J. M. Botts, who has declared for Lincoln.

Meetings were called by the friends of the Union, who unanimously elected John Minor Botts their commander, and marched immediately for the defence of Washington.

Several insurrections of negroes reported in South Carolina and Georgia.

General Scott leaves this evening in an extra train.

On the receipt of further news, we will immediately issue another extra.

NEW YORK CITY.

Union or fusion map, 26,000. 19th ward not canvassed.

Accepts the Challenge.

Our republican friends in Rock County, Wis., propose to compete with Winnebago County for the honor of being the Banner Republican County of the State. His time Old Rock is strongly republican. She has time and again proved her loyalty to republican principles, and in such tones as has given her name a wide-spread celebrity; but she must not be permitted to carry off those laurels which we so gloriously won in the contest of '56. And Winnebagoes, she cannot do it if you do your duty. If our voters are not we shall still retain the title despite the efforts of our sister county in the Badger State. Remember voters, that we have competitors who will, if possible, wrest from us the honor we have felt so proud of, therefore, republicans, be up and doing. Work, work, work.—Rockford Register.

The telegraph reports the majority in Winnebago county for Lincoln at 3,173. In Rock county his majority is 3,250.

Fremont had 3,118 majority in Winnebago, and 2,743 in Rock. Winnebago gives Lincoln an increase of 55, and Rock gives Lincoln an increase of 57. The rivalry between these two glorious counties has been a friendly strife to excel in well doing, and Rock takes the banner. The victory has been achieved over a generous as well as strong competitor, and carries with it a proud distinction. Let it be recorded!

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK.—The estimate of the cost of the New York city public school system, as just submitted, shows a total of \$1,300,000, which is \$175,000 in excess of the estimate of last year.

Of this total, the salary of teachers and janitors amounts to \$725,000, and books to \$95,000. The committee on studies made some novel recommendations in reference to primary and grammar schools, yet, it is to be presumed, not without due consideration. Their report provides that hereafter no lesson shall be given to the children in the primary department to be studied at home; that the lessons to the primary department shall be given in the class-room, and no books whatever shall be given to the children. In the grammar schools the teachers are required to occupy two hours in each day in preparing the scholars for the lessons to be recited on the subsequent day, and no teacher to be permitted to give out lessons that will take more than one hour to study.

MY DAUGHTER MINNIE.

A few years ago—well it is not less than forty—my little home-folk was led, in the matter of years, by my daughter Minnie. A pretty name, I always thought. Minnie was a good child, and being the first-born, was half maternal in her management of the later comers, even down to little "Pig-con," the latest and tiniest of all.

The picture of Minnie is just as fresh in my memory as though the forty years which have shimmered and evaporated since, had been weeks instead. But it is a father's eye that looks over these years at Minnie, and the heart may be half fancy—a sort of affectional illusion. Those we love are transparent, you know—we who imagine it is surface tint and surface-light of which we are thinking.

This much I know, Minnie was the best, most affectionate, and wildest of daughters—one of those spirited but industrious little creatures upon whose enterprise and tact the greatest and strongest of us will involuntarily lean.

Minnie shall I want five or six breadths in this skirt?—her mother would say. Looking up with just a little frown, of the forehead, after a moment's thought Minnie would answer:

"I think five will do mother," and five it was.

I can hear, even now, the voice of Minnie's mother—she has been gone twenty years, dear heart!—calling from the head of the stairs:

"Minnie! Say—Minnie!"

"What, mother?"

"What shall we have for dinner to-day?"

"You are tired, mother; let's have a little ham and some eggs, with some peas from the garden, and bread." That settled the bill of fare.

And so it was through the liveliest day; for in all the domestic policy Minnie, though only prime minister, possessed regal power. At this time—this forty years ago—I was, of course, in the prime of life, and full of the cares and responsibilities which cluster and cling to one's manhood.

I was largely engaged in active business, received some light evidences of public confidence saw a large family coming up about me—from all of which my natural positiveness and force of character received more or less strengthening.

One night, when the last candle had been extinguished and all was hushed, my wife said, with some anxiety of tone:

"Husband, I feel uneasy about our Minnie."

"Minnie? Why, what is the matter? Is she sick?"

"No; she isn't sick, but—"

"But what, wife?"

"Why, Minnie is—I mean, she seems to be—"

"Well, I'm afraid she likes Jimmy Brun."

"Jimmy Brun! She'd better not!"

"And I leaped to the floor and walked to the window. 'Jimmy Brun and our Minnie!—a pretty match!'"

"I was afraid you would be disturbed, dear; but don't take it so much to heart, husband. I dare say we can put a stop to it." And motherly sobs came from the pillow.

"Put a stop to it! I guess I will. Jimmy Brun and our Minnie!—I guess I will put a stop to it!"

And who was Jimmy Brun? A young man of some two years' residence in my city, of good, of so far as I knew, but altogether and diametrically opposed to my taste, to my ideal of manliness. I had always worshipped business tact and enterprise.

It had taken me, upon a penniless boy, and brought me up through numberless difficulties to a position of influence. That which was found in my nature when young, was thus nourished and rooted through all the after years of struggle ripening into triumph.

The young man was of a literary turn of mind; had taught in an academy; was a writer it was said, for one or two periodicals. There was an air of sentiment about him, in his looks and manners, which came precisely within the scope of my contempt. I had known it in others—in strong business men—this utter contempt for the least possible manifestations of sentiment; for those unthrifty fellows who have never an eye for business, but hang upon the skirts of thought, clasp imagery, and ride upon rhythm. You may see it now every day in commercial and political journalism.

Of the figures which dot the pages of the ledger and those which illumine the lines of the poet. "The muses frowned on me, said a German poet, 'for keeping account books.'" Undoubtedly. Nor is the knight of the balance sheet less intolerant toward those miserable fellows whose entire stock in trade can be stored within a very little cavity just behind the frontal bone.

My good wife had a time of it cooling me down, and prevented the adoption of most violent measures. Even when I had formally surrendered to her superior discretion, I obeyed by times like a bear in harness. I wife had been almost a Rarey in tact, I should certainly have broken into plunging even sooner than I did.

Minnie was taken one day into solemn conference by her mother, with only pussy in the doorway as auditor. But the child, though she blushed very much, moved about from seat to seat, and tore pieces of paper into bits, declared that she was heart-whole yet—as why shouldn't she be?—for Jimmy Brun had never said a word to her which any man might not have said to any maiden. So wife and I got easy again.

But what should I see, one evening at twilight, while sauntering out under the shadows of my own grove of forest oaks, not far from the house, but two figures flitting hither and thither among the distant trees? Like a knave, as I was, I sat on the ground and watched them; watched them nervously, glaringly, till I saw Jimmy Brun give Minnie a kiss on her lips, and looked lovingly after her as she slipped away.

I was reclining upon the sward by her path. Determined to meet and confront them, I sat and watched her coming.

Certainly Minnie's face never wore that expression before. It was not gleeful, but it was radiant, and her eyes which were bent on the ground, and hence only visible as she came very near me, had a light and depth that I never saw before. She passed me; so utterly was the child absorbed in her own emotions.

"Minnie!" I said, in a tone which startled myself, and she turned and looked at me. "And she sprang from the path as though the sound had been a rattle among the grass."

I raised myself slowly—I am very slow when very angry, and standing still before her glowered down into her eyes—Minnie's beautiful, living eyes—with a sternness which had never failed to terrify. But the child, though she trembled like an aspen at first, brought her father's spirit to the rescue, and, in the strength of love and innocence, looked into her father's angry face with great composure.

I must not repeat the words that followed; they never shall be written; and would to God they had never been spoken!

Minnie had given him her heart, and would give her hand. How could she help it? Even her father's anger should not prevent her fulfilling her word; not her father's anger, unreasonable and unjust?—All this she said to me with the deep calmness of a perfect heroine, while I stood there almost as much astonished as angry.

"Wife, it's all up with Minnie," said I.

striding into the sitting room, and breaking in upon a most delightful afternoon reverie, only relieved by the solemn ticking of the clock and the busy click of knitting needles.

"Lord! what's the matter?" and the ball of yarn rolled across the floor, while a flower-pot on the window fell, spilling and crashing on the bricks outside, "there goes the flower-pot—tell me quick—you look as pale as a sheet."

"Minnie has promised to marry that scape-grace in spite of us; she says she will to me, in the face of my absolute commands." Thereupon I walked the floor, wife starting at me the while. "I'll never forgive her—never!"

"Husband, stop and think. He—"

"I won't stop and think. I say I'll never forgive her; and I won't. Call her in!"

Wife left the room in search of Minnie. At length they came; both fearful. We sat down together, a constrained group; Minnie very fearful, but very sweet and beautiful. The interview was short, and these were the closing words:

"Father, I have always been a dutiful child—you will do me that justice. But I love this man. You grant that his character is irreproachable, but you forbid our marriage because you have a prejudice against him. I love and honor my father. You cannot doubt that; but in this case I must follow the dictates of my own heart."

"Do so, if you will; but remember, your father will never forgive you."

Thus ended the interview, wife sobbing distressfully, Minnie weeping quietly, and I sitting glum and angry.

Minnie kept her word and became the wife of Jimmy Brun.

I did not forbid them the house, as most angry fathers are said to do, but I told Minnie again that she had lost my love and care. Then I was so foolish as to see Jimmy Brun, and in a very silly speech inform him that since he was taking my daughter from her father without his consent, he need expect no gifts or favors now or hereafter. She would not be allowed to share in the family inheritance, nor should I render the least assistance if they "should come to want."

I shall never forget the queer look the young man gave—a glance in which pride seemed almost vainly struggling with a cluster of mirth-sparkles.

"Very well, sir," and he tried to "come to want." That was all he said; but the cool self-possession of his manner made me feel as though I had undertaken to drive a nail and had pounded my fingers.

I had always been demonstrative toward my children—the elder as well as the younger. Minnie had never lost her right to her father's knee, nor did she ever meet me in the morning or part from me at night without a kiss. This was denied her now.—Poor child! It was, the sorest trial of all.

Once or twice she clung tearfully to me in my studies, and I would not let her; my neck with her white arms, tried to bend my lips to hers. No. I promised her never a kiss while I lived.

Women are strange creatures. There was wife, who had entirely sympathized with me, as I supposed, absolutely given aid and comfort to our recreant daughter. I verily believe that long before the wedding day came she was as thoroughly interested in the whole affair as though Minnie had been about to marry the best business man in town. Little use was it for me to tighten my purse strings, and direct that the child should have no marriage outfit of wardrobe, pillow cases, companions and the thousand and one of ceremony in which mothers take such pride and pleasure.

In spite of me, but surreptitiously, Minnie was well provided for, I am sure. I remember that the shopman's bills for some ten months thereafter seemed unusually full, but in number of items and footing of column; and I shrewdly suspect that my wife had arranged with the tradesman to have the articles scattered along through the months. She was always a good financier.

The ceremony was performed in church. I was present, but my absence should give too great notoriety to the family jar. Useless. The whole town having long since been made acquainted with the state of affairs, the bride's beauty and the bridegroom's popularity set many eyes on me with a sparkle of criticism in them.

"He needn't look so savage like," muttered a gruff old yeoman behind me;—there's a hint of a kinder young fellow among those horrid-looking fellows, don't you think Minnie be pretty as pink, it's a good enough, I say—a real even bargain—so."

Long, long months went by after the marriage—leisurely, unhappy months for me. I knew I was being soured by this self-imposed restraint on the affectional part of my nature. Minnie came to her old home sometime. Once or twice she begged for the return of the old love, the old home kiss. No. My daughter was happy in her husband, happy in her new home. But I saw very plainly that the bliss of the old home life had been lost.

Nearly two years went back into the past, shadowed in this manner, when a little human blossom was laid in its cradle. A little struggling we thing—another Minnie. Poor me! Here was another influence to be stemmed, as boats stem another wave and another gust. But I braced myself; and when I had been forced into Minnie's chamber, stood over the poor child with the little one on her arm, and heard the faint voice add to her sweetly beseeching look, "do kiss me, father!" I shook my head and went out.

One day a strange change came over the young mother, alarming the experienced, and giving to the physician that ominous air of grave mystery which strikes into the soul of the loving. I moved about, full of fear and guilty distress. The symptoms became more and more alarming—she was sinking. I was called to her bedside, as that of my first dying child. As I bent over the white face, almost translucent with weakness, I saw Minnie's eyes all undimmed by illness, my Minnie gave me the old time glance of love, and throwing up her hands as if to clasp my neck, said faintly, but oh! so earnestly—

"Kiss me, father!"

I bent down to my daughter, my first born, and we wept long together—the strong father and the faintly breathing child.

What do you think Minnie died? Why, she got well again, and in two months was as musical as a lark, and as gay, looking after the little Minnie like a pretty mother.

However, the ice was fairly broken, and I was my old fatherly self ever after. Minnie even ventured, after a time, to make merry at my expense, over the fact that not only was Jimmy Brun the best of husbands, but of the well-known American writers.

I think I was a very great fool.

DOG FIGHT AND NON-INTERVENTION.—At one of the polls in this city, some one stepped on a dog's tail. The dog instantly pitched into another dog, a ring was soon formed, as there is always a disposition in a crowd to see a dog fight. The dogs clinched, and were instantly rolling over on the floor. Some one's humanity prompted him to endeavor to separate the belligerent canines, if an Irishman rushed up. He said, "says he 'let them fight go on. I'm for non-intervention.' That's the Douglas doctrine. Let 'em fight a fight, and it don't matter a cent which whips, so the battle goes on."

We think the doctrine of non-intervention and popular sovereignty could not be better illustrated.

MARRIED.

By M. P. Kinney, at the house of the bride's father, Nov. 18, 1860, Mr. EDWARD F. COLWELL and Miss MARIAN LUTHER SMITH, daughter of Samuel D. Smith, Esq. of this city.

In Janesville, Rock county, October 18th, 1860, by E. A. FORD, Esq., THOMAS WILSON, aged 21, and LUCY MARIA PHELPS, aged 27, all residents of Portville.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO RENT.—A house and 20 acres of land to rent for a term of years if desired, situated on the Galena road, about 50 rods west of the city limits. Possession given immediately. For particulars inquire at the Phoenix office of G. S. STUBBS, JR., Janesville, Nov. 7, 1860.

TO RENT.—A Brick Cottage, well located in this city, at \$30 per month until the first of April, 1861. Apply to [no name] at [no name] and [no name].

SILVER for sale in small or large quantities at [no name] and [no name].

SAVE YOUR MONEY!

AND CALL AT

MOSES HARSH'S

Young America Clothing House,

where the

Largest and Choicest Stock

OF

WINTER CLOTHING

is now offered at

ASTONISHING LOW PRICES.

MOSES HARSH

has just received his

Second Great Arrival of

FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHING!

consisting of Blue

BLACK CLOTH DRESS COATS,

BUSINESS COATS of all kinds,

PANTS AND VESTS, the largest variety,

which he will sell

Thirty per Cent Less

than any other house in this city.

Gentlemen in Want

of anything in the

CLOTHING LINE

will do well to call at

Moses Harsh's Young America Clothing House

and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents in every county in the state with a capital of \$50 to \$100 can make \$25 to \$50 per day in selling a new article wanted by nearly every family.

This is a rare chance for profitable employment. The agent will receive a letter, Hall & Hudson, Janesville, or see them at the American House for a few days.

RUPTURE CURED

BY THE

Hard Rubber Riggs's Trusses.

THIS Truss has been in use in the City of New York for only a little over a year, and has already obtained a deserved reputation. The best physicians in New York City, having tested it, unanimously recommended it, and pronounce it

The only Philosophical Truss in Use."

SECOND ARRIVAL

OF

WINTER CLOTHING!

B. BORNHEIM

Has Just Received a Large Lot of

WINTER CLOTHING

WHICH HE IS

BOUND TO SELL

Before the 15th of December.

ALL THOSE WHO WISH TO BUY

CLOTHING

CAN DO WELL BY CALLING AT

BORNHEIM'S STORE,

WHERE HE WILL SELL

Twenty per Cent Cheaper

Than any other Merchant

MISSOURI.—This state has probably gone for Bell.

CONNECTICUT.—The plurality for Lincoln in Connecticut is 26,000, and 10,000 over every thing.

MAINE.—The majority in Maine is 25,000.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Lincoln's majority will be at least 70,000.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Lincoln's plurality is 10,000.

MISSISSIPPI.—The returns are favorable to Bell.

NORTH CAROLINA.—State probably gone for Breckinridge.

Bailey is elected to congress over Eli Thayer, in Massachusetts.

The South Must Hurry Up.

The south must be in a hurry, if the Union is to be dissolved. Free states are just forming to be future free states.

With in another year or two, Kansas, Nebraska and Washington will be admitted into the Union. Then there are the projected free states of Chippewa, Jefferson, Idaho, Nevada and Arizona.

Before these are admitted as states which will be within ten years, Missouri and Delaware will be free, to be followed by Maryland and Kentucky.

With this glorious prospect of adverse additions the secessionists cannot be too quick in their movements to break up the Union.

to the free portion of our confederacy. Every hour adds to the difficulty, and we are inclined to believe they are now too late.

If they wait until Lincoln's inauguration they certainly can never hope to accomplish the treasonable project, and we have an abiding faith that when there mad and misguided men do undertake it, that the task of putting down may be safely committed to the people of the south themselves.

Presidential Electors.

The following states have unquestionably chosen republican electors, and insure the election of Lincoln without New Jersey.

(One hundred and fifty-two electors only are necessary to a choice.)

Maine..... 8
New Hampshire..... 5
Vermont..... 5
Massachusetts..... 13
Connecticut..... 13
Rhode Island..... 4
New York..... 35
Pennsylvania..... 27
Ohio..... 13
Indiana..... 13
Michigan..... 11
Illinois..... 11
Wisconsin..... 5
Iowa..... 4
Minnesota..... 4

For Lincoln..... 169

A Republican County.

No one, we apprehend, will dispute the claim of "old Rock" as a republican county.

Every town and every ward in it gave a republican majority! There is not a dark spot in the county. With the correction of the returns from Union, which give Lincoln 301 majority over Douglas, the majority in the county is 3,261!

The majority for Sloan, for chief justice, last spring, after adding 70 votes cast for L. H. Dixon, was 3,071, was then the largest cast in the county. Lincoln has now within ten of two hundred more than Sloan. Verily, Rock county is all right!

ILLINOIS State Senate.—The Tribune says the senate of that state is doubtful, depending on returns from three districts: the 7th, Cass, Manard, Logan and Tazewell; the 22d, St. Clair and Monroe; and the 15th or McLean district. It is believed that they are republican.

COOK COUNTY, Illinois, gives Lincoln a majority of 4,700. That is a sound majority.

The News at Old Abe's Home.

The telegraph says that last evening, while the republicans were assembled at the State House, for the purpose of hearing returns, Mr. LINCOLN entered, and was very enthusiastically received and congratulated by those offered by his friends in attendance.

Hand shaking, cheering, and other usual demonstrations.

We would have given something to have seen the tall form and the good humored intellectual face of "Honest Old Abe" on this joyful occasion. He is a man of the people, and felt no constraint at such a time. He is no longer a candidate, but the honored recipient of the nation's suffrages.

This will not make the slightest change in him so far as his intercourse with the people is concerned, but he will remain the same social, generous, open handed man of the people that he has always been.

Tazewell County.—This was one of the doubtful counties in Illinois, heretofore democratic, upon which depended the success of the republicans in carrying the Illinois legislature. Mr. E. G. Harlow, of this city, received a despatch from his brother in Pekin, to-day, announcing that the whole republican ticket in that county is elected. Three cheers for Tazewell.

DEATH OF AN ALDERMAN.—I. S. Has, broker, Alderman in Oshkosh, died in Oshkosh on Saturday last. He was one of the earliest settlers of that city—at one time kept a hotel there, and was widely known in that vicinity.

THE CELEBRATION.—The celebration to-night is just what the republicans of this vicinity have for some time been anxious to participate in. This is expected every one who feels that way will be out on the occasion. Let the ladies be present, let young Misses come, let young America come out—men, women and children came and testify your joy for a nation's deliverance from misrule.

The following letter did not come to our hands until this morning, and then through the mail. It is all right, but ought to have come sooner, and if it had so come, or been sent by some person, the town would not have been reported at 273, which was the best information we could obtain.

EVANSTON, Nov. 6, 1890.

EDITORS GAZETTE.—Old Union, as usual, has done up the thing about right. She has given Old Abe 330 votes, and our democratic friends, after rallying all that could be secured up, gave Douglas 29, votes and Breckinridge 1 (!) all told.

County assembly, senatorial and congressional—331 republican, 29 democratic.

What say you to Old Union being the banner town of the county?

J. WEST, Clerk.

As to the question of banners, Union, on the amount of majority, takes the flag among the towns of the county. But if we change the rule, and award on the best comparative vote, and largest gain, FULTON must receive the honor.

The republicans of Fulton have done more work, with MORE EFFECT than any others in the county. All have done well, but Fulton has done better, and republicans from every section of the county are bearing cheerful and willing testimony to the zeal and fidelity with which Fulton has engaged in a common cause. In the triumph of that cause, the republicans of that town occupy a leading and honorable rank. To be the first in a county like Rock is a proud position, and worthy the best efforts of good men.

Tricks of Desperate Politicians.

The following handbill was circulated throughout New Jersey, just before the election. We regret that there is any portion of the free states where such trash can be supposed to have any influence, but we fear New Jersey is not altogether insensible to such appeals:

THE SOUTH IN REVOLT.

TRAITOR RAMPANT.

NEGRO INSURRECTIONS IN SOUTH CAROLINA, ALABAMA & ARKANSAS.

GEN. BICKLEY MARCHING UPON WASHINGTON.

Gen. Scott Ordered to Command the Army of the North.

GOV. WISE ASSASSINATED.

SEVENTH COORD ARRESTED FOR TREASON.

JOHN M. BOTTS AT THE HEAD OF 7,000 MEN TO PROTECT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, half-past five o'clock.

Our people were thrown into the greatest consternation and surprise at the terrible announcement of the news received by a telegraphic despatch to General Scott, received a few minutes since.

The conspiracy to dissolve the Union is now in progress of attempted consummation. Several arrests have been made of prominent individuals for treason.

John Minor Botts has been chosen to the command of the volunteers to protect the Union.

Treason rife in South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Arkansas.

Virginia traitors dare not come out openly.

Governor Wise was assassinated while addressing a meeting of seceders.

Secretary Cobb was arrested while attempting the same thing—at the instigation of J. M. Botts, who has declared for Lincoln.

Meetings were called by the friends of the Union, who unanimously elected John Minor Botts as their commander, and marched immediately for the defence of Washington.

Several insurrections of negroes reported in South Carolina and Georgia.

General Scott leaves this evening in an extra train.

On the receipt of further news, we will immediately issue another extra.

NEW YORK CITY.

Union or fusion maj. 26,000. 19th ward not canvassed.

Accepts the Challenge.

Our republican friends in Rock County, Wis., propose to compete with Winnebago County for the honor of being the Banner Republican County of the Union.

Old Rock is strongly republican. She has time and again proved her loyalty to republican principles, and in such tones as has given her name a wide-spread celebrity; but she must not be permitted to carry off those laurels which we so gloriously won in the contest of '66. And Winnebago, she cannot do it if you do your duty. If our voters are not we shall still retain the title despite the efforts of our sister county in the Badger State. Remember voters, that we have competition. If we will, if possible, wrest from us the honor we have felt so proud of, therefore, republicans, be up and doing. Work, work, work.—Rockford Register.

The telegraph reports the majority in Winnebago county for Lincoln at 3,173. In Rock county his majority is 3,250.

Fremont had 3,118 majority in Winnebago, and 2,743 in Rock. Winnebago gives Lincoln an increase of 55, and Rock gives Lincoln an increase of 517. The rivalry between these two glorious counties has been a friendly strife to excel in well doing, and Rock takes the banner. The victory has been achieved over a generous as well as strong competitor, and carries with it a proud distinction. Let it be recorded!

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK.—The estimate of the cost of the New York city public school system, as just submitted, shows a total of \$1,300,000, which is \$170,000 in excess of the estimate of last year.

Of this total, the salary of teachers and janitors amounts to \$725,000, and books to \$95,000. The committee on studies made some novel recommendations in reference to primary and grammar schools, yet it is presumed, not without due consideration. Their report provides that hereafter no lesson shall be given to the children in the primary department to be studied at home; that the lessons to the primary department shall be given in the classroom, and no books whatever shall be given to the children. In the grammar schools the teachers are required to occupy two hours in each day in preparing the scholars for the lessons to be recited on the subsequent day, and no teacher is to be permitted to give out lessons that will take more than one hour to study.

A few years ago—well it is not less than forty—my little home-flock was led, in the matter of years, by my daughter Minnie—a pretty name, I always thought. Minnie was a good child, and being the first-born, was half maternal in her management of the later comers, even down to little "Pigeon," the latest and tiniest of all.

The picture of Minnie is just as fresh in my memory as though the forty years which have simmered and evaporated since, had been weeks instead. But it is a father's eye that looks over these years at Minnie, and the beauty may be half fancy—a sort of affectional illusion. Those we love are transparent, you know—we who imagine it is surface tint and surface-light of which we are thinking.

This much I know, Minnie was the best, most affectionate, and wildest of daughters—one of those spirited but industrious little creatures upon whose enterprise and tact the greatest and strongest of us will involuntarily lean.

"Minnie shall I want five or six breadths in this skirt?" her mother would say.

Looking up, with just a little knitting of the forehead, after a moment's thought Minnie would answer:

"I think five will do mother; and five it was."

I can hear, even now, the voice of Minnie's mother—she has been gone twenty years, dear heart!—calling from the head of the stairs:

"Minnie! Say—Minnie!"

"What, mother?"

"You are tired, mother; let's have a little ham and some eggs, with some peas from the garden, and bread." That settled the bill of fare.

And so it was through the liveliest day; for in all the domestic policy Minnie, though only prime minister, possessed regal power.

At this time—thirty years ago—I was, of course, in the prime of life, and full of the cares and responsibilities which cluster and cling to one's manhood.

I was largely engaged in active business, received some light evidences of public confidence saw a large family coming up about me—from all of which my natural positiveness and force of character received more or less strengthening.

One night, when the last candle had been extinguished and all was hushed, my wife said, with some anxiety of tone:

"Husband, I feel uneasy about our Minnie."

"Minnie? Why, what is the matter? Is she sick?"

"No; she is not sick, but—"

"But what, wife?"

"Why, Minnie is—I mean, she seems to be—Well, I'm afraid she likes Jimmy Brun."

"Jimmy Brun! She'd better not!"—And I leaped to the floor and walked to the window. "Jimmy Brun and our Minnie!—a pretty match!"

"I was afraid you would be disturbed, dear; but don't take it so much to heart, husband. I dare say we can put a stop to it." And motherly sobs came from the pillow.

"Put a stop to it! I guess I will. Jimmy Brun and our Minnie!—I guess I will put a stop to it!"

And who was Jimmy Brun? A young man of some two years' residence in the neighborhood of good habits so far as I knew, but altogether and diametrically opposed to my taste, to my ideal of manliness. I had always worshipped business tact and enterprise.

It had taken me, when a penniless boy, and brought me up through numberless difficulties to a position of influence. That which was found in my nature when young, was thus nourished and rooted through all the after years of struggle ripening into triumph.

The young man was of a literary turn of mind; had taught in an academy; was a writer it was said, for one or two periodicals. There was an air of sentiment about him, in his looks and manners, which came precisely within the scope of my contempt.

I had known it in others—in strong business men—this utter contempt for the least possible manifestations of sentiment; for those unwholesome follies which have never an ego for business, but hang upon the skirts of thought, clasp images and ride upon rhythm. You may see it now every day in commercial antagonism of fact and fancy—of the figures which dot the pages of an ledger and those which illumine the lines of the poet.

"The muses frowned on me, said a German poet, 'for keeping account books.'" Undoubtedly. Nor is the knight of the balance sheet less intolerant toward those miserable fellows whose entire stock in trade can be stored within a very little cavity just behind the frontal bone.

My good wife had a time of it cooling me down, and prevented the adoption of most violent measures. Even when I had formally surrendered to her superior discretion, I chafed by times like a bear in harness. If wife had not been almost a Borey in tact, I should certainly have broken into plunging even sooner than I did.

Minnie was taken one day into solemn conference by her mother, with only pussy in the doorway as auditor. But the child, though she blushed very much, moved about from seat to seat, and tore pieces of paper into bits, declared that she was heart-whole yet—as why shouldn't she be?—for Jimmy Brun had never said a word to her which any man might not have said to any maiden. So wife and I got easy again.

But what should I see, one evening at twilight, while sauntering out under the shadows of my own grove of forest oaks, not far from the house, but two figures flitting hither and thither among the distant trees? Like a knave, as I was, I sat on the ground and watched them; watched them nervously, glancing, till I saw Jimmy Brun give Minnie a kiss on her lips, and looked lovingly after her as she slipped away.

I was reclining upon the sward by her path. Determined to meet and confront them, I sat and watched her coming.

Certainly Minnie's face never wore that expression before. It was not gleeful, but it was radiant, and her eyes which were bent on the ground, and hence only visible as she came very near me, had a light and depth that I never saw before. She passed me; so utterly was the child absorbed in her own emotions.

"Minnie!" I said, in a tone which startled myself, scarcely less than my child.

"Oh! she and she sprang from the path as though the sound had been a rattle among the grass.

I raised myself slowly—I am very slow when very angry, and standing still very slow when glowered down at her eyes—Minnie's beautiful, living eyes—with a sternness which had never failed to terrify. But the child, though she trembled like an aspen at first, brought her father's spirit to the rescue, and, in the strength of love and innocence, looked into her father's angry face with great composure.

I must not repeat the words that followed; they never shall be written; and would to God they had never been spoken!

Minnie had given him her heart, and would give her hand. How could she help it? Even her father's anger should not prevent her fulfilling her word; for was not Jimmy Brun worthy, and was not her father's anger unreasonable and unjust?—All this she said to me with the deep calmness of a perfect heroine, while I stood there almost as much astonished as angry.

"Wife, it's all up with Minnie," said I.

striding into the sitting room, and breaking in upon a most delightful afternoon reverie, on a loved by the golden ticking, ticking of the clock and the busy click of knitting needles.

"Lord! what's the matter?" and the hall of yarn rolled across the floor, while a flower-pot on the window sill, spilling and crashing on the bricks outside, "there goes the flower-pot—tell me quick—you look as pale as a sheet."

"Minnie has promised to marry that scape-grace in spite of us; she says she will to me, in the face of my absolute commands." Thereupon I walked the floor, wife staring at me the while. "I'll never forgive her—never!"

"Husband, stop and think. He—"

"I won't stop and think. I say I'll never forgive her; and I won't. Call her in."

Wife left the room in search of Minnie. At length they came; both tearful. We sat down together, a constrained group. Minnie very fearful, but very sweet and beautiful. The interview was short, and these were the closing words:

"Father, I have always been a dutiful child—you will do me that justice. But I love this man. You grant that his character is unimpeachable, but you forbid our marriage because you have a prejudice against him. I love and honor you, father. You cannot doubt that; but in this case I must follow the dictates of my own heart."

"Do so, if you will; but, remember, your father will never forgive you."

Thus ended the interview, wife sobbing distressfully, Minnie weeping quietly, and I sitting glum and angry.

Minnie kept her word and became the wife of Jimmy Brun.

I did not forbid them the house, as most angry fathers would do, but I told Minnie again that she had lost my love and care. Then I was so foolish as to see Jimmy Brun, and in a very silly speech inform him that since he was taking my daughter from her father without his consent, he need expect no gifts or favors now or hereafter. She would not be allowed to share in the family inheritance, nor should I render the least assistance if they "should come to want."

I shall never forget the queer look the young man gave—a glance in which pride seemed almost vainly struggling with a cluster of mirth-sparkles.

"Very well, sir; we will try not to 'come to want.'" That was all he said; but the cool self-possession of his manner made me feel as though I had undertaken to drive a nail and had pounded my fingers.

I had always been demonstrative toward my children—the elder as well as the younger. Minnie had never lost her right to her father's knee, nor did she ever meet me in the morning or part from me at night without a kiss. This was denied her now.

Poor child! It was the sorest trial of all. Once or twice she clung tearfully to me in my sternness, and reaching up to clasp my neck with her white arms, tried to bend my lips to hers. No. I promised her never a kiss while I lived.

Women are strange creatures. There was wife, who had entirely sympathized with me, as I supposed, absolutely given aid and comfort to our recreant daughter. I verily believe that long before the wedding day came she was as thoroughly interested in the whole affair as though Minnie had been about to marry the best business man in my town. Little use was it for me to fight my own strings, and direct that the child should have no marriage outfit of wardrobes, pillow cases, counterpanes and the thousand and one of others in which mothers take such pride and pleasure.

In spite of me, but surreptitiously, Minnie was well provided for, I am sure. I remember that the shopman's bills for some ten months thereafter seemed unusually full, both in number of items and footing of column; and I shrewdly suspect that my wife had arranged with the tradesman to have the articles scattered along through the months. She was always a good financier.

The ceremony was performed in church. I was present, but my absence should give too great notoriety to the family jar. Useless. The whole town having long since been made acquainted with the state of affairs, the bride's beauty and the bridegroom's popularity set many eyes on the child, and a spark of criticism in them.

"He needs a kick on the snaffle like," muttered a gruff old yeoman behind me—"there isn't a likelier fellow anywhere where hereabout than Jimmy Brun; and though Minnie be purty as pink, it's a good match, I say—a real even bargain—so."

Long, long months went by after the marriage—tedious, unhappy months for me. I knew I was being sored by this self-imposed restraint on the affectional part of my nature. Minnie came to her old home sometimes. Once or twice she begged for the return of the old love, the old home kiss. No. My daughter was happy in her husband, happy in her new home. But I saw very plainly that the bliss of the old home was lost to her.

Nearly two years went back into the past, shadowed in this manner, when a little home blossom was laid in its cradle. A little struggling wee thing—another Minnie. Poor me! Here was another influence to be stemmed, as boats stem another wave and another gust. But I braced myself; and when I had been forced into Minnie's chamber, stood over the poor child with the little one on her arm, and heard the faint voice add to the sweetly beseeching look, "do kiss me, father!" I shook my head and went out.

One lay a strange change came over the young mother, alarming the experienced, and giving to the physician that ominous air of grave mystery which strikes into the soul of the loving. I moved about, full of fear and guilty distress. The symptoms became more and more alarming—she was sinking. I was called to her bedside, as that of my first dying child. As I bent over the white face, most translucent with meekness illuminated, my eyes all dimmed by illness, my Minnie gave me the old time glance of love, and throwing up her hands as if to clasp my neck, said faintly, but oh! so earnestly—

"Kiss me, father!"

I bent down to my daughter, my first born, and we wept long together—the strong father and the faintly breathing child.

What do you think Minnie did? Why, she got well again, and in two months was as musical as a lark, and as gay, looking after the little Minnie like a pretty mother, as she was.

However, the ice was fairly broken, and I was my old fatherly self ever after. Minnie even ventured, after a time, to make merry at my expense, over the fact that not only Jimmy Brun the best of husbands, but of the well-known American writers.

I think I was a very great fool.

DOG FIGHT AND NON-INTERVENTION.—At one of the polls in this city, some one stepped on a dog's tail. The dog instantly pitched into another dog, a ring was soon formed, as there is always a disposition in a crowd to see a dog fight. The dogs clinched, and were instantly rolling over on the floor.

Some one's humanity prompted him to endeavor to separate the belligerent canines, when an Irishman rushed up—"Be ded," says he, "let 'em fight on. I'm for non-intervention. 'Tis the Douglas doctrine when there's a fight, and it don't matter a cinder which whip, so the battle goes on."

We think the doctrine of non-intervention and popular sovereignty could not be better illustrated.

MARRIED.—By M. P. Kinney, at the house of the bride's father, Nov. 2nd, 1890, Mr. EUGENE E. COLWELL, and Miss MARION LUTHER SMITH, daughter of Samuel D. Smith, Esq. of this city.

In Knoxville, Rock county, October 10th, 1890, by L. A. Cook, Esq. THOMAS WILSON, aged 21, and LUCY MARIA FIELDS, aged 27, all residents of Knoxville.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO RENT.—A house and 20 acres of land to rent for a term of years if desired, situated on the Galena road, about 80 miles from the city limits. Possession given immediately. For particulars inquire, at the Phoenix Mills, of O. S. STRASSBURGER, Janesville, Nov. 7, 1890.

TO RENT.—A brick cottage, well located in this city, at \$6 per month until the first of April, 1891. Apply to [redacted] MCKEY & BRO.

SILVER for sale in small or large quantities at [redacted] MCKEY & BRO'S.

SAVE YOUR MONEY!

AND CALL AT

MOSES HARSH'S

Young America Clothing House,

where the

Largest and Cheapest Stock

of

WINTER CLOTHING

is now offered at

ASTONISHING LOW PRICES.

MOSES HARSH

has just received his

Second Great Arrival of

FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHING!

consisting of fine

BLACK CLOTH DRESS COATS,

BUSINESS COATS of all kinds,

PANTS and VESTS, the largest variety,

which he will sell

Thirty per Cent Less

than any other house in this city.

Gentlemen in Want

of anything in the

CLOTHING LINE

will do well to call at

Moses Harsh's Young America Clothing House

and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents in every county in the state with a capital of \$50 to \$100 can make \$2 to \$3 per day in selling a new article wanted by nearly every family.

This is a rare chance for profitable employment for the coming winter. Address: J. Hall & Hudson, Janesville, or see them at the American House for a few days.

RUPTURE CURED

BY THE

Hard Rubber Rigg's Trusses.

THIS Truss has been in use in the City of New York for only a little over a year, and has already obtained a national reputation. The best physicians in New York City, having tested it, unhesitatingly recommend it, and pronounce it

"The only Philosophical Truss in Use."

The construction of the pad is such that it cannot injure, either by pressure of the elastic cord, by obstructing the circulation of the blood—or by over-tightening and enlarging the opening. Does not constantly press in the future and thereby give rise to a truss for life—the most serious of ailments.

In four places, bringing the parts together, giving EXTRA CHARGE to work, which it does in nearly all cases. It greatly RELIEVES AND HEALS THE WORST FORMS OF RUPTURE, and will cure ordinary Hernia, particularly in children and young subjects. The philosophy and construction of it may be readily understood, therefore let the interested examine it and judge for themselves. This truss can be used in bathing, is always clean, very light, and cannot be soiled or worn out.

The Daily Gazette.

City of Janesville.

Thursday Evening, Nov. 6, 1860.

Official Paper of the City.

Latest Returns.

MISSOURI.—This state has probably gone for Bell.

CONNECTICUT.—The plurality for Lincoln in Connecticut is 26,000, and 10,000 over every thing.

MAINE.—The majority in Maine is 25,000.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Lincoln's majority will be at least 70,000.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Lincoln's plurality is 10,000.

MISSISSIPPI.—The returns are favorable to Bell.

NORTH CAROLINA.—State probably gone for Breckinridge.

Bailey is elected to congress over Eli Thayer, in Massachusetts.

The South Must Hurry Up.

The south must be in a hurry, if the Union is to be dissolved. Free states are fast forming to be future free states. Within another year or two, Kansas, Nebraska and Washington will be admitted into the Union. Then there are the projected free states of Chippewa, Jefferson, Idaho, Nevada and Arizona. Before these are admitted as states which will be within ten years, Missouri and Delaware will be free, to be followed by Maryland and Kentucky. With this glorious prospect of adverse additions the secessionists cannot be too quick in their movements to break up the Union. To the free portion of our confederacy, Every hour adds to the difficulty, and we are inclined to believe they are now too late. If they wait until Lincoln's inauguration they certainly can never hope to accomplish the treasonable project, and we have an abiding faith that when there mad and misguided men do undertake it, that the task of putting down may be safely committed to the people of the south themselves.

Presidential Electors.

The following states have unquestionably chosen republican electors, and insure the election of Lincoln without New Jersey. One hundred and fifty-two electors only are necessary to a choice.

Maine	8
New Hampshire	3
Vermont	3
Massachusetts	13
Connecticut	6
Rhode Island	4
New York	35
Pennsylvania	23
Ohio	23
Indiana	13
Michigan	6
Illinois	11
Wisconsin	3
Iowa	4
Minnesota	4

For Lincoln 169

A Republican Country.

No one, we apprehend, will dispute the claim of "old Rock" as a republican country. Every town and every ward in it gave a republican majority. There is not a dark spot in the county. With the correction of the returns from Union, which give Lincoln 301 majority over Douglas, the majority in the county is 3,261. The majority for Sloan, for chief justice, last spring, after adding 70 votes cast for L. H. Dixon, was 3,071, was then the largest cast in the county. Lincoln has now within ten of two hundred more than Sloan. Verily, Rock county is all right!

ILLINOIS State Senate.—The Tribune says the senate of that state is doubtful, depending on returns from three districts: the 7th, Cass, Manard, Logan and Tazewell; the 22d, St. Clair and Monroe; and the 15th, McLean district. It is believed that they are republican.

COOK COUNTY, Illinois, gives Lincoln a majority of 4,700. That is a sound majority.

The News at Old Abe's Home.

The telegraph says that last evening, while the republicans were assembled at the State House, for the purpose of hearing returns, Mr. Lincoln entered, and was very enthusiastically received and congratulated by his friends in attendance. Hand shaking, cheering, and other usual demonstrations.

We would have given something to have seen the tall form and the good humored intellectual face of "Honest Old Abe" on this joyful occasion. He is a man of the people, and felt no constraint at such a time. He is no longer a candidate, but the honored recipient of the nation's suffrages. This will not make the slightest change in him so far as his intercourse with the people is concerned, but he will remain the same social, generous, open handed man of the people that he has always been.

TAZEWELL COUNTY.—This was one of the doubtful counties in Illinois, heretofore democratic, upon which depended the success of the republicans in carrying the Illinois legislature. Mr. E. G. Harlow, of this county, received a despatch from his brother in Pekin, to-day, announcing that the whole republican ticket in that county is elected. Three cheers for Tazewell.

DEATH OF AN ALDERMAN.—J. S. Hasbrouck, Alderman in Oshkosh, died in Oshkosh on Saturday last. He was one of the earliest settlers of that city—at one time kept a hotel there, and was widely known in that vicinity.

THE CELEBRATION.—The celebration tonight is just what the republicans of this vicinity have for some time been anxious to participate in. This is expected every one who feels that way will be out on the occasion. Let the ladies be present, let young Misses come, let young America come out—men, women and children came and testify your joy for a nation's deliverance from slavery.

A Gun from Union.

The following letter did not come to our hands until this morning, and then through the mail. It is all right, but ought to have come sooner, and if it had so come, or been sent by some person, the town would not have been reported at 275, which was the best information we could obtain.

EVANSTON, Nov. 6, 1860.

EDITORIAL GAZETTE.—Old Union, as usual, has done up the thing about right. She has given Old Abe 339 votes, and our democratic friends, after rallying all that could be scared up, gave Douglas 29, votes and Breckinridge 1 (!) all told.

County assembly, senatorial and congressional—331 republican, 29 democratic.

What say you to Old Union being the banner town of the county?

J. WEST, Clerk.

As to the question of bannership, Union, on the amount of majority, takes the flag among the towns of the county. But if we change the rule, and award on the best comparative vote, and largest gain, FULTON must receive the honor. The republicans of Fulton have done more work, with MORE EFFECT than any others in the county. All have done well, but Fulton has done better, and republicans from every section of the county are bearing cheerful and willing testimony to the zeal and fidelity with which Fulton has engaged in a common cause. In the triumph of that cause, the republicans of that town occupy a leading and honorable rank. To be the first in a county like Rock is a proud position, and worthy the best efforts of good men.

Tricks of Desperate Politicians.

The following handbill was circulated throughout New Jersey, just before the election. We regret that there is any portion of the free states where such trash can be supposed to have any influence, but we fear New Jersey is not altogether insensible to such appeals:

THE SOUTH IN REVOLT.

TREASON RAMPANT.
NEGRO INSURRECTIONS IN SOUTH CAROLINA, ALABAMA & ARKANSAS.

GEN. BICKLEY MARCHING UPON WASHINGTON.

Gen. Scott Ordered to Command the Army of the North.

GOV. WISE ASSASSINATED.

SECRETARY COBB ARRESTED FOR TREASON.

JOHN M. BOTTS AT THE HEAD OF 7,000 MEN TO PROTECT WASHINGTON.

Our people were thrown into the greatest consternation and surprise at the terrible announcement of the news received by a telegraphic dispatch to General Scott, received a few minutes since.

The conspiracy to dissolve the Union is now in progress of attempted consummation. Several arrests have been made of prominent individuals for treason.

John Minge Botts has been chosen to the command of the volunteers to protect the Union.

Treason rife in South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Arkansas.

Virginia traitors dare not come out openly.

Governor Wise was assassinated while addressing a meeting of seceders.

Secretary Cobb was arrested while attending the same meeting—at the instigation of J. M. Botts, who has declared for Lincoln.

Meetings were called by the friends of the Union, who unanimously elected John Minor Botts as their commander, and marched immediately for the defence of Washington.

Several insurrections of negroes reported in South Carolina and Georgia.

General Scott leaves this evening in an extra train.

On the receipt of further news, we will immediately issue another extra.

NEW YORK CITY.

Union or fusion maj. 26,000. 19th ward not canvassed.

Accepts the Challenge.

Our republican friends in Rock County, Wis., propose to compete with Winnebago County for the honor of being the Banner Republican County of the Union. Old Rock is strongly republican. She has time and again proved her loyalty to republican principles, and in such tones as has given her name a wide-spread celebrity; but she must not be permitted to carry off those laurels which we so gloriously won in the contest of '56. And Winnebagoes, she can do it if you do your duty. If our voters do not we shall still retain the title despite the efforts of our sister county in the Badger State. Remember voters, that we have competitors who will, if possible, wrest from us the honor we have felt so proud of, therefore, republicans, be up and doing. Work, work, work.—Rockford Register.

The telegraph reports the majority in Winnebago county for Lincoln at 3,173. In Rock county his majority is 3,250.

Fremont had 3,118 majority in Winnebago, and 2,743 in Rock. Winnebago gives Lincoln an increase of 55, and Rock gives Lincoln an increase of 57. The rivalry between these two glorious counties has been a friendly strife to excel in well doing, and Rock takes the banner. The victory has been achieved over a generous as well as strong competitor, and carries with it a proud distinction. Let it be recorded!

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK.—The estimate of the cost of the New York City public school system, as just submitted, shows a total of \$1,300,000, which is \$175,000 in excess of the estimate of last year. Of this total, the salary of teachers and janitors amounts to \$725,000, and books to \$95,000. The committee on studies made some novel recommendations in reference to primary and grammar schools, yet, it is to be presumed, not without due consideration. Their report provides that hereafter no lesson shall be given to the children in the primary department to be studied at home; that the lessons to the primary department shall be given in the classroom, and no books whatever shall be given to the children. In the grammar schools the teachers are required to occupy two hours in each day in preparing the scholars for the lessons to be recited on the subsequent day, and no teacher to be permitted to give out lessons that will take more than one hour to study.

MY DAUGHTER MINNIE.

A few years ago—well it is not less than forty—my little home-flock was led, in the matter of years, by my daughter Minnie—a pretty name, I always thought. Minnie was a good child, and being the first-born, was half maternal in her management of the later comers, even down to little "Pigeon," the latest and tiniest of all.

The picture of Minnie is just as fresh in my memory as if it were the day she was smothered and evaporated since, had been weeks instead. But it is a father's eye that looks over these years at Minnie, and the beauty may be half fancy—a sort of affectional illusion. Those we love are transparent, you know—we who imagine it is surface tint and surface light of which we are thinking.

This much I know, Minnie was the best, most affectionate, and wisest of daughters—out of those spirit and virtuous little creatures upon whose entrance into the world the greatest and strongest of us will involuntarily lean.

"Minnie shall I want five or six breadths in this skirt?" her mother would say. Looking up, with just a little knitting of the forehead, after a moment's thought Minnie would answer:

"I think five will do mother," and five it was.

I can hear, even now, the voice of Minnie's mother—she has been gone twenty years, dear heart!—calling from the head of the stairs:

"Minnie! Say—Minnie!"

"What, mother?"

"What shall we have for dinner to-day?"

"You are tired, mother; let's have a little ham and some eggs, with some peas from the garden, and bread."

That settled the bill of fare.

And so it was through the long day; for in all the domestic policy Minnie, though only prime minister, possessed real power.

At this time—this forty years ago—I was, of course, in the prime of life, and full of the cares and responsibilities which cluster and cling to one's manhood.

I was largely engaged in active business, received some light evidences of public confidence, saw a large family coming up about me from all of our kindred.

One night, when the last candle had been extinguished and all was hushed, my wife said, with some anxiety of tone:

"Husband, I feel uneasy about our Minnie."

"Minnie? Why, what is the matter? Is she sick?"

"No; she is isn't sick, but—"

"But what, wife?"

"Why, Minnie is—I mean, she seems to be—"

"Well, I'm afraid she likes Jenny Brun."

"Jenny Brun! She'd better not!"

"And I leaped to the floor and walked to the window. 'Jenny Brun and our Minnie!—a pretty match!'"

"I was afraid you would be disturbed, dear; but don't take it so much to heart, husband. I dare say we can put a stop to it."

"And motherly sobs came from the pillow."

"Put a stop to it! I guess I will. Jenny Brun and our Minnie!—I guess I will put a stop to it!"

And who was Jenny Brun? A young man of some two years' residence in the neighborhood, of good habits so far as I knew, but altogether and diametrically opposed to my taste, to my ideal of manliness. I had always worshipped business tact and enterprise.

I had taken me, when a penniless boy, and brought me up through numberless difficulties to a position of influence. That which was found in my nature when young, was thus nourished and rooted through all the after years of struggle ripening into triumph.

The young man was of a literary turn of mind; had taught in an academy; was a writer; it was said, for one or two periodicals. There was an air of sentiment about him, in his looks and manners, which came precisely within the scope of my contempt.

I had known it in others—in strong business men—this utter contempt for the least possible manifestations of sentiment; for those untruthful fellows who have never an eye for business, but hang upon the skirts of thought, and idleness, and ride upon rhythm. You may see it now every day in commercial antagonism of fact and fancy—of the figures which dot the pages of the ledger and those which illumine the lines of the poet.

"The muses frowned on me, said a German poet, 'for keeping account books.' Undoubtedly. Nor is the knight of the balance sheet less intolerant toward those miserable fellows whose entire stock in trade can be summed up in a very little coin, just behind the frontal bone."

My good wife had a time of it cooling me down, and prevented the adoption of most violent measures. Even when I had formally surrendered to her superior discretion, I chafed by times like a bear in harness. If I had not been almost a Rarey in fact, I should certainly have broken into plunging even sooner than I did.

Minnie was taken one day into solemn conference by her mother, with only pussy in the doorway as auditor. But the child, though she blushed very much, moved about from seat to seat, and tore pieces of paper into bits, declared that she was heart-whole yet—as why should she be?—for Jenny Brun had never said a word to her which any man might not have said to any maiden. So wife and I got away again.

But what should I see, one evening at twilight, while standing out under the shadow of my own grove of forest oaks, not far from the house, but two figures sitting hither and thither among the distant trees? Like a knave, as I was, I sat on the ground and watched them; watched them nervously, glaringly, till I saw Jenny Brun give Minnie a kiss on her lips, and looked lovingly after her as she slipped away.

I was reclining upon the sward by her path. Determined to meet and confront them, I sat and watched her coming.

Certainly Minnie's face never wore that expression before. It was not gleeful, but it was radiant, and her eyes which were bent on the ground, and hence only visible as she came very near me, had a light and depth that I never saw before. She passed me, so quietly was the child absorbed in her own emotions.

"Minnie! I said, in a tone which startled myself, scarcely less than my child.

"Oh!" and she sprang from the path as though the sound had been a rattle among the grass.

I raised myself slowly—I am very slow when very angry, and standing stiffly before her glowered down into her eyes—Minnie's beautiful, living eyes—with a sternness which had never failed to terrify. But the child, though she trembled like an aspen at first, brought her father's spirit to the rescue, and in the strength of love and innocence, looked into her father's angry face with great composure.

I must not repeat the words that followed; they never shall be written; and would to God they had never been spoken!

Minnie had given him her heart, and could give her hand. How could she help it? Even her anger should not prevent her fulfilling her duty, for she was not Jenny Brun worthy, and was not her father's anger unreasonable and unjust?—All this she said to me with the deep calmness of a perfect heroine, while I stood there almost as much astonished as angry.

"Wife, it's all up with Minnie," said I, illustrated.

striding into the sitting room, and breaking in upon a most delightful afternoon reprieve, only relieved by the solemn ticking, ticking of the clock and the busy click of knitting needles.

"Lord! what's the matter?" and the ball of yarn rolled across the floor, while a flower-pot on the window fell, spilling and crashing on the bricks outside, "there goes the flower-pot—tell me quick—you look as pale as a sheet."

"Minnie has promised to marry that scape-grace in spite of us; she says she will to me, in the face of my absolute commands. Thereupon I kicked the floor, while staring at me the while. 'I'll never forgive her—never!'"

"Husband, stop and think. Be—"

"I won't stop and think. I say I'll never forgive her; and I won't! Call her in!"

Wife left the room in search of Minnie. At length they came; both fearful. We sat down together, a constrained group; Minnie very fearful, but very sweet and beautiful. The interview was short, and the words were closing words.

"Father, I have always been a dutiful child—you will do me that justice. But I love this man. You grant that his character is unimpeachable, but you forbid our marriage because you have a prejudice against him. I love and honor you, father. You cannot doubt that; but in this case I must follow the dictates of my own heart."

"Do so, if you will; but remember, your father will never forgive you."

Thus ended the interview, wife sobbing distressfully, Minnie weeping quietly, and I sitting gloom and angry.

Minnie kept her word and became the wife of Jenny Brun.

I did not forbid them the house, as most angry fathers are said to do; but I told Minnie again that she had lost my love and care. Then I was too foolish as to see Jenny Brun, who was a very silly speech in form, but a very sensible one in fact.

From her father without his consent, he need expect no gifts or favors now or hereafter. She would not be allowed to share in the family inheritance, nor should I render the least assistance if they "should come to want." I shall never forget the queer look the young man gave—a glance in which pride seemed almost vainly struggling with a cluster of mirth-sparkles.

"Very well, my wife, try not to come to want!" That was all he said; but the cool self-possession of his manner made me feel as though I had undertaken to drive a nail and had pounded my fingers.

I had always been demonstrative toward my children—the elder as well as the younger. Minnie had never lost her right to her father's knee, nor did she ever meet me in the morning or part from me at night without a kiss. This was denied her now—

Poor child! It was the saddest trial of all. Once or twice she clung tearfully to me in my sternness, and reaching up to clasp my neck with her white arms, tried to bend my lips to hers. No. I promised her never a kiss while I lived.

Women are strange creatures. There was wife, who had entirely sympathized with me, as I supposed, absolutely given aid and comfort to our recalcitrant daughter.

One bright day came when the wedding day came she was thoroughly interested in the whole affair as though Minnie had been about to marry the best business man in town. Little use was it for me to tighten my purse strings, and direct that the child should have no marriage outfit of wardrobe, pillow cases, counterpane and the thousand and one et ceteras in which mothers take such pride and pleasure.

In spite of me, but surreptitiously, Minnie was well provided for, I am sure. I remember that the shopman's bills for some ten months thereafter seemed unusually full, both in number of items and footing of column; and I shrewdly suspect that my wife had arranged with the tradesman to have the articles scattered along through the months. She was always a good financier.

The ceremony was performed in church. I was present, but my absence should give too great notoriety to the family jar. Useless. The whole town having long since been made acquainted with the state of affairs, the bride's beauty and the bridegroom's popularity set many eyes on me with a sparkle of criticism in them.

He need not look so savage like," muttered a gruff old woman behind me—"there ain't a likelier young fellow for a whereabout than Jenny Brun; and though Minnie be party as pink, it's a good match, I say—a real even bargain—so."

Long, long months went by after the marriage—tedious, unhappy months for me. I knew I was being soured by this self-imposed restraint on the affectional part of my nature. Minnie came to her old home sometimes. Once or twice she begged for the return of the old home. "Old home, home. No, my daughter was happy in her husband, happy in her new home. But I saw very plainly that the bliss of the old home was lost to her."

Nearly two years went back into the past, shadowed in this manner, when a little human blossom was laid in its cradle. A little struggling we thing—another Minnie.

Goodness! Here was another influence to be stemmed, as before, stem another war and another gust. But I braced myself; and when I had been forced into Minnie's chamber, stood over the poor child with the little one on her arm, and heard the faint voice add to the sweetly beseeching look, "do kiss me, father!" I shook my head and went out.

One day a strange change came over the young mother, alighting the experienced, and giving to the physician the ominous air of grave mystery which strikes into the soul of the loving. I moved about, full of fear and guilty distress. The symptoms became more and more alarming—she was sinking. I was called to her bedside, as that of my first dying child. As I bent over the white face, almost translucent with meekness illumined, my eyes all untrammelled by illness, my Minnie gave me the old time glance of love, and throwing her hands as if to clasp my neck, said faintly, but oh! so earnestly—

"Kiss me, father!"

I bent down to my daughter, my first-born, and we wept long together—the strong father and the faintly breathing child.

What do you think Minnie did? Why, she got well again, and in two months was as musical as a lark, and as gay, looking after the little Minnie like a pretty mother, as she was.

However, the ice was fairly broken, and I was my old fatherly self ever after. Minnie even ventured, after a time, to make merry at my expense, over the fact that not only was Jenny Brun the best of husbands, but of the well-known American writers.

I think I was a very great fool.

Dog fight and non-intervention.—At one of the polls in this city, some one stepped on a dog's tail. The dog instantly pitched into another dog, a ring was soon formed, and there is always a disposition in a crowd to see a dog fight. The dogs clinched, and were instantly rolling over on the floor. Some one's humanity prompted him to endeavor to separate the belligerent canines, when an Irishman rushed up—"Be dadda," says he, "let them fight go on. I'm for non-intervention. That's the doctrine, the doctrine of the dog, there's a fight and it goes on, matter what whips, so the battle goes on."

We think the doctrine of non-intervention and popular sovereignty could not be better illustrated.

MARRIED.

By M. P. Kinney, at the house of the bride's father, Nov. 6th, 1860, Mr. SUGLEN P. COLWELL, and Miss MARIAN LOUISA SMITH, daughter of Samuel D. Smith, Esq. of this city.

In Forster, Rock county, October 10th, 1860, by R. A. Foot, Esq., THOMAS WILSON, aged 75, and LUCY MARIA PHILLIPS, aged 27, at residence of footville.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO RENT.—A house and 20 acres of land to rent for the year of 1861, situated on the Galena road, about 30 rods west of the city limits. Possession given immediately. For particulars inquire, at the Phoenix Mills, of J. S. STASHEGHER, Janesville, Wis., Nov. 7, 1860. nov24dwit

TO RENT.—A Brick Cottage, well located in this city, at 50 per month until the first of April, 1861. Apply to J. S. STASHEGHER, at the Phoenix Mills, Nov. 7, 1860. nov24dwit

SALE.—Cattle for sale in small or large quantities at J. S. STASHEGHER, at the Phoenix Mills, Nov. 7, 1860. nov24dwit

SAVE YOUR MONEY!

AND CALL AT

MOSES HARSH'S

Young America Clothing House,

where the

Largest and Cheapest Stock

of

WINTER CLOTHING

is now offered at

ASTONISHING LOW PRICES.

MOSES HARSH

has just received his

Second Great Arrival of

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING!

consisting of the

BLACK CLOTH DRESS COATS,

BUSINESS COATS of all kinds,

PANTS AND VESTS, the largest variety,

which he will sell

Thirty per Cent Less

than any other house in this city.

Gentlemen in Want

of anything in the

CLOTHING LINE

will do well to call at

Moses Harsh's Young America Clothing House

and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

nov24dwit

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents in every county in the state with a capital of \$50 to sell our make \$25 to \$50 per day in selling a new article wanted by nearly every family.

This is a rare chance for profitable employment, the coming winter. Address by letter, Hall & Hudson, Janesville, or see them at the American House for a few days. nov24dwit

RUPTURE CURED

BY THE

Hard Rubber Riggs's Trusses.

THIS Truss has been in use in the City of New York for only a little over a year, and has already cured a number of cases. The best physicians in New York City, having tested it, unanimously recommend it, and pronounce it

"The only Philosoph

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

For election returns see first page.

GRAND REPUBLICAN JUBILEE!

The Republicans of Janesville unite

This Thursday Evening

In a grand rejoicing over the glorious triumphs achieved in the election of

LINCOLN and HAMLIN.

All republicans are cordially invited to participate on this occasion. The jubilee will be held at

LAPPIN'S HALL.

Where the people will assemble at 7 o'clock P. M. The Ladies are invited to attend.

The exercises of the evening will consist of short speeches, songs from the Glee Club, music by the Janesville Band, and a good time generally.

It is recommended that the house of every republican be illuminated. A room will be provided for those who are disposed to dance, and music will be furnished.

A NATIONAL SALUTE will be fired during the evening.

A bonfire will be kindled on Court House hill big enough to suit the occasion.

THE JANESVILLE WIDE AWAKES Will be out, and torches will be furnished for every body who desires to carry one.

The Madison, Beloit and Milton Wide Awakes are expected to be present.

The committee of arrangements consist of James, M. Burgess, Joseph A. Sleeper, S. J. M. Putnam, Timothy Jackman, J. P. Dickson, H. N. Comstock, John R. Bennett, N. F. Land, W. B. Strong, W. M. Tallman, and S. Ford, Jr.

Marshals, Alex. Graham, J. M. May, C. Loftis Martin, Wm. A. Eagar, Geo. A. Young, C. G. Gillett and Nathaniel Parker.

By Order of Com. of Arrangements.

Janesville, Nov. 6th, 1860.

Wide Awake Song.

The other night when all was still,
I had a sort of dream,
In which I saw Democracy
Do nothing up the street;
A form was on each countenance,
And in each eye a gleam,
And as they passed the way along,
These words I seemed to hear:

"Old Abe Lincoln,
Has proved so strong for me,
He's fought the Giant, Breckinridge,
And he'll fight Tennessee."

Said Stephen A.—I never more
For President will try,
My Squatter Sovereignty don't take,
And I'm out of the country;
The People know I'm but a hoax,
My doctrine—'all a sham,
They are bound to make a President
Of honest ABRAHAM.

Old Abe Lincoln
Has proved too strong for me,
He's fought the Giant, Breckinridge,
And he'll fight Tennessee."

"The Platform they stood upon,
Now looks like a raft,
To do as they said, and not as they did,
Proves but a sorry craft,
But when we reach our journey's end,
We'll lay it up forever,
For we shall have to 'stand' upon
The banks of old salt river."

"Old Abe Lincoln
Has proved so strong for me,
He's fought the Giant, Breckinridge,
And he'll fight Tennessee."

I watched them till they disappeared,
And as I turned to go,
Another raft appeared in sight,
Though moving rather slow,
Both Lane and Breckinridge were there,
Urging the thing along,
For we shall have to 'stand' upon
The banks of old salt river."

"Old Abe Lincoln
Has proved so strong for me,
He's fought the Giant, Breckinridge,
And he'll fight Tennessee."

Says Breckinridge—"Four years ago,
When we were here and there,
Whoever dreamed that this party
Was the fate of our good party?
I never thought of giving least,
Or dreamed of such a thing
As joining with democracy
While they're obliged to sing:
'Old Abe Lincoln
Has proved too strong for me,
He's fought the Giant, Breckinridge,
And he'll fight Tennessee.'"

Says Lane—"That Little Giant is
The cause of all the fuss;
I wish his raft would prove a wreck,
And down the little cuss,
If he had held his noisy tongue,
And kept out of our way,
We might have been in office now,
And not obliged to say:
'Old Abe Lincoln
Has proved too strong for me,
He's fought the Giant, Breckinridge,
And he'll fight Tennessee.'"

Before this raft was hid from sight,
Another horn in sight,
Which proved to be a smaller one,
And had a smaller owner,
It had a *Braden Bell* on board,
When *Braden Bell* was sung,
They all united in a song,
And this is what they sung:

"Old Abe Lincoln
Has proved too strong for me,
He's fought the Giant, Breckinridge,
And he'll fight Tennessee."

And as I watched them disappear,
Along that muddy river,
I heard a mighty shout ring,
That made the nation stir,
And on that cool November morn,
The voice of Freedom rung
From out ten thousand thousand throats,
And this is what they sang:
Old Abe Lincoln
Has proved too strong for me,
He's fought the Giant, Breckinridge,
And he'll fight Tennessee."

INSPIRATIONAL LECTURES.—Miss Belle Seoregall, of whom notice was given last week, did not lecture on account of the bad weather. She will speak at the court room on Thursday and Friday of this week.

AGENTS WANTED.—See advertisement of agents wanted. The chance seems a good one.

A GOOD CELEBRATION.—The Republicans of Madison had a grand celebration of our national victory last night. They had an immense torch light procession. The hotels, public buildings, and a very large number of stores and private dwellings were splendidly illuminated. It was a regular time of jubilation over the election of Lincoln. Guns were fired, and the whole was the most brilliant affair ever known there.

We understand that the Douglas men generally loaned their torches for the occasion, declaring that "to the victorious belonged the spoils." Some of them went so far as to carry torches themselves. It was a good thing for them to do.

JUBILES AT CHICAGO.—The glorious republicans of Chicago had a grand celebration last night. They fired 200 guns, had torch light processions, illuminations, fire works, etc.

RACINE COUNTY.—The Lincoln electors received 2,636, Douglas 1,759—republican majority. Potter for congress, 1,034, Uley

Phoenix Insurance Co. of Hartford.

We take pleasure in directing the attention of property-holders to the statement of the Phoenix Insurance Company, published in another column. This we consider one of the most reliable Insurance Companies in the country; and we think no one need have the least hesitancy in effecting an insurance in it. Their exhibit shows conclusively of its reliability. No company property should go without an insurance, and to such we recommend them to call on the agent and at once effect an insurance.—*Home Journal, Ind.*

Continental Insurance Company.

This prosperous corporation, in order to meet its present and growing wants, has just completed the purchase of the desirable property known as No. 102 Broadway and No. 1 Pine street. Possession will be given on or before the 1st of May next, when we learn a new and beautiful structure will at once be erected, suited to the requirements of the Company. No institution of a similar character in the nation, all things considered, can boast of such an unparalleled prosperity as can this. Commencing with a cash capital of half a million of dollars, it has steadily and rapidly grown, until its available assets now amount to about one million. The officers and directors are known all over the country as among the leading influential business men and capitalists of this city. No better, safer, or stronger Insurance Company exists than the Continental. May it live and grow a thousand years, and continue to pay fat dividends.—*New York Independent.*

To the Public.

"Now is the accepted time"—to-morrow may be too late—delays are dangerous. Have you got a store of goods? Have you a dwelling house? Have you any insurable property? Go at once to Dimock's Agency and have it insured. Do not let the melancholy words "he had no insurance" prove applicable to your case in event of a sweeping fire.

NOTHING LIKE IT TO RESTORE A DOUBTFUL CREDIT.

It is greatly to the credit of any owner or occupant of a building to have placed conspicuously over his door any of the following leading companies' house plates. The Home of New York. The Phoenix of Hartford. The Continental of New York. The Security of New York. The Merchants of Hartford, or the Northern of London, England. Is your credit at the Banks getting below par, up with one of these plates and you are all right at the Rock County, the Central or at Hoyt's. Every passer-by will say "there is a sound business man." Tell your New York creditors that you insure your lake freights in the reliable Old Home, and your goods after their arrival in any of these incomparable companies and your orders will at all times be filled, and at the lowest figures. A few more of these ornamental plates left at Dimock's Agency.

I desire to call the attention of the citizens of Janesville and Rock county, more in detail to these well known, reliable and prompt paying

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES,

Representing in the Aggregate

CASH ASSETS

to the amount of

\$10,248,000.00.

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BOOTS AND SHOES!

FOR THE

FALL AND WINTER TRADE.

I AM now receiving my Fall purchase, which, with the large stock of

Custom Work

